

THE "400" SEEN IN A LOOKING-GLASS.

By Cholly Knickerbocker.

IN the Spring the young gdt's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of weddings, which accounts, no doubt, for the sudden popularity of this interesting ceremony in our exclusive society. It was a week of weddings, and all you who are interested in such things may learn much that will please you in these Chronicles of Cholly.

New York.

The past week was the first of Spring, and correspondingly slow. As the entire year has been one of incident, and we are never allowed to rest but a little while without some excitement, the burning of Idle Hour, the beautiful country place of William K. Vanderbilt, at Oakdale, and the rude interruption of the honeymoon of the young Vanderbilts formed an excellent topic for gossip.

For years the Vanderbilt place at Oakdale has been practically uninhabited. Now and then Willie would bring down a party of friends, especially in the Spring, for a few days, when the trout fishing was good. But Oakdale is the supply place for Vanderbilt's house in town and for his yacht. It is there where he has his conservatories, his vegetable gardens, his forcing houses and many of his horses and his blooded stock.

The house seems destined for honeymoons. Now that two of his children are married, I doubt whether he will rebuild, in spite of rumors to the contrary. He will make some part of it his stock farm, and perhaps put up a bungalow or something of that kind to accommodate himself when he comes down on his fishing parties.

The old South Side Club, the headquarters of all the wealthy fishermen, is near by, and of late years there has been some dissatisfaction because the governors have allowed men to bring their families there. Before you never met a lot of old bucks who had evidences of a jollier stag time than those who came up on Monday mornings from Islip on the earlier trains. It was the very pick of the old chappies of the Union and Knickerbocker. This part of Long Island has gone somewhat out of fashion, and several of the old places are unoccupied.

Young Willie K., now that he has married and settled down and showed himself to be a man of place and money, and a little wife of whom any man should be proud, will begin to show what he can do in the way of making himself famous. I hear that he is going right into the offices of the Vanderbilts, and that he will run the Cornelius boys quite close.

I was looking over the provisions of the old will the other day, and if it is true that the stork does intend to visit the George Vanderbilts—well, the little stranger who made his appearance at the Cornelius, Jr.'s, last year has little show for a fortune, unless grandpa Vanderbilt relents.

This I doubt. Neither Cornelius nor his wife looked in the direction even of the young Vanderbilts at the Fair-Vanderbilt wedding, and of course this young couple were not honored with an invitation to the Sionnes. In fact, the demarcation between the two branches of the Vanderbilts is more in evidence than ever before. It is an open secret, that Cornelius, Sr., did not approve of the marriage of Willie's son to a Catholic, but the family went to the wedding and exchanged civilities, because Willie, Sr., is loyal to his own, and they did not want to offend him. The Cornelius Vanderbilts boys and their consorts have, moreover, never been on cordial terms. At Newport young Willie had his set of friends and the other boys theirs. They never were congenial.

Which branch is going to rule society is a question which I would not like to solve. Society is like the Biblical sheep. It will flock and follow any leader, and it remains for the woman who has the most tact, who can smooth some of these asperities over, who is attractive and who has the social qualities necessary for a leader.

It is not very difficult to prophesy at the present moment.

While the Vanderbilts for a short time are a little in the background, unless some other catastrophe brings them forward, the Goulds have been making a triumphant tour of Canada, with Lady Mary Sackville as a bright particular star. It is not decided yet whether Mrs. George will attempt Newport or go back to England with her titled friend.

I rather think—from long acquaintance—that you will find the Goulds in no disposition to exhibit Lady Mary in New York until they have got it settled about Frank. Then will be time for a grand splurge and some fireworks.

The Edwin Goulds go to their place on the Hudson for the Spring, and they are to have some coaching through the country. The Howard Goulds' yacht is being provisioned for a long cruise. Helen Gould will, of course, remain in this country at her place near Dobbs Ferry, for the Summer. The Castellanes have returned to Paris, but will not come over to this side.

We are to have a glorious American Summer. The few people who are abroad will return early and nearly one-half of titled England will be at Newport, that indefatigable knight of the tea caddy, Sir Thomas Lipton, himself bringing an entire shipload. Just now he and the Prince of Wales are hobnobbing on the Riviera.

The Gerrys have determined not to go abroad and the Ogden Millises, unless their plans are suddenly changed, will also remain on this side. Mrs. Astor is to return very shortly. Belcourt is being made ready for the Oliver Belmonts and even now the Newport cottages are being painted and renovated, and there will be arrivals there as early as May.

Many people who had booked passages have changed their minds. I met Evelyn Burden the evening after her departure was announced. The Townsend Burdens will be at Newport among the very first. Mrs. Stuy. Fish will not go abroad. All Miss Fish's clothes have been ordered from Paris, and Mrs. Fish will this year give one of the biggest balls of the season, or, in fact, of any other season. The Potter Palmers are on their way home and will make a big splurge.

Harry Payne Whitney and his wife and the Twomblys will represent the Vanderbilts in the beginning of this Newport season, now only a few weeks off, and Uncle George and Madame and perhaps, will, that all depends on the good stork—will pass a few months at the city by the sea.

Storks and weddings and weddings and storks—perhaps I might say a study of cause and effect—are just now the exciting topics. I hear of storks everywhere, and the brides of last year are very happy. Among these there are hints of visits at the Arthur Kemps and at the Clarence Mackays, as well as at another house just now divided against itself.

As for the weddings, there has seldom been an array of more beautiful brides. The coming fortnight belongs to lucky clergymen. On Wednesday Miss Julia Fay Bradley, one of the handsomest girls in the younger set and the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edson Bradley, will marry the Rev. Herbert Shipman at St. Bartholomew's. For picturesque this will be the wedding of the season. It is to be a military affair, and, what is seldom seen in New York, there will be a number of uniforms. The bridegroom is chaplain at West Point. The bride is tall and graceful and is a great favorite. In the musical programme the fashion set by Mrs. Willie K. Vanderbilt, Jr., will be followed, and patriotic airs will have the place of honor. The Bradleys give a dinner to-morrow evening for the bridal party.

A very handsome bride, also of last week, and one who is an international favorite, was Miss Jane Brown Fuller, one of the Chief Justice's seven daughters, who married Nathaniel Leavitt Francis. She is the most popular of all the Fuller girls. She is very quiet and literary in her tastes. Two of her sisters have had romances, and both Mrs. Pauline Aubrey and Mrs. Manning, or Miss Fuller as she is now called, have had to go to the divorce courts to get themselves unshackled. There was some little astonishment expressed because the McKineys were not at the Francis Fuller wedding, and this little episode will probably have its explanation in the letter of my Washington correspondent.

Miss Helen Margaret Graham became the bride of Lester del Garcia last week. She is the step-daughter of Colonel Alexander Chisholm. The young couple, who were one of the many mated on Wednesday last, are now in Charleston on their wedding tour. Miss Churchman is also one of the beautiful brides of the week.

The Bradley Martins have come down like wolves on the fold. They are Americans—so Mr. Bradley Martin says—to the backbone. He scorns William Waldorf Astor. The Bradley Martins intend to say everything they have here and live in Europe. The twentieth street house, or houses rather, as there are two, is out of the fashionable world. Mrs. Bradley Martin was rather disgusted at the way her efforts at entertaining were criticised a few years ago, and after the enormous bill she determined to turn her back on America forever.

The Willie Astors and the Bradley Martins do not get along well socially abroad. Both avoid Americans with the same caution as the devil is said to have for holy water. The Martins—I beg pardon, they are slowly getting into society, although they have never entertained the Prince and duchesses are still rare at Balmorhea, the country place. The Bradley Martins are to have dinners given them, and they will no doubt not regret their visit.

The news that Mary Anderson, her baby and her husband, Antonio de Navarro, sail from Liverpool on Tuesday for a short American visit is hailed with much pleasure. I saw our Mary a few years ago at Cambridge Wells, where she and her husband lived after their marriage. She has grown a bit matronly, but she is much improved. She is so delighted with domestic life that she will never go on the stage again.

Her home at the little village of Broadway is the quaintest place imaginable. I believe the house was built three centuries ago and has been renovated up to date. She has Miss Valerie White, the song writer, and the Dudley Leighs among her neighbors. The visit will be very short, as she sails for England before June. But there will be some entertainments in her honor.

The Van Alens are coming home to Newport, and Harry Lehn's heart rejoices and he walks Fifth avenue with a more elastic step than ever. They will open their Newport house very early in

June. Grandma will be home then, and I have no doubt that the long courtship will come to a happy conclusion, as Grandma likes Harry, and has shown her devotion very publicly this Winter. Grandma is in Paris, getting new and wonderful gowns, and the newspapers over there announce that she is to take a London house to push along the Haigs. But I doubt it. London has all it can stand in Willie Waldorf.

A curious thing about London society is that it welcomes her to its sacred interior, but it chases of whiskey, and the Haigs happen to be in that line of industry.

The Summer will also see Chappie Onativia back with us again. He has been the whole Winter a-chasing of the fox in the English counties, and the clothes which he will bring back with him are said to be wonderful.

By the way, the chasing of the fox has been taken up with much spirit down Meadowbrook way, and it is varied with golf. The match at Garden City brought out the whole golf colony, and the scene was brilliant.

Up at Ardley they are playing golf for all it is worth, and the links are so crowded that you can't get a chance. At Balmorhea they are breaking the Jersey Sabbath with avidity. I was sorry to hear that Miss Hort, of Morristown, one of the best golf players there, had been quite seriously hurt in a match game. But I am glad to learn that she is getting better. Miss Hoyt's aunt and her two cousins, the Willing girls, of Philadelphia, sailed last week for Europe.

I fear the bottom this year has been knocked out of coaching. The coach goes away from the Holland House every day with hardly a person on it. On the first day it was "debuted" with all the glory of a Vanderbilt—Mrs. Seward Webb being on the box seat. These days you must have a Vanderbilt to open a function, just as royals are needed in London to open bazzars and lay corner stones. I doubt whether John Townsends' rival, "Good Times," will even have a show, although he is going to start it to-morrow.

There have been nothing but fancy dress vaudeville performances this week. The Hewitts have hosts of imitators, and although I admire the pretty women who do "stunts," I am tired of the stunts.

Mrs. Cooper Hewitt and Miss Hoffman and the Godwins and Cowdin and the rest of the troupe are going from house to house like teams in the continuous performance theatres.



A Bevy of Spring Brides.

Last week there were variations of the same old bill at the Gods' by Carolus Duran, where that artist gave us again his Spanish fandango, and at Lorle Ronalds'. There has been a little howl at the latter place because I said they dance the "Rag Time." They danced for rag time music, and were fixed up as children and in the other disguises they have used for years. The Ronalds' was a small affair, but what you saw there you saw everywhere else—almost. It was a little bit warmer and there was more "laissez-aller." But you expect that with such a jolly young couple. The dinner was excellent and so was the supper. But you must expect that also at the house of a plumber prince, and since Ronalds has been attending to the drains of society he is becoming very wealthy.

The rehearsals for "Trelawny of the Wells" go bravely on, and Worthle Whitehouse is said to be better perfect in his part. The performance will take place within a fortnight, and it may be repeated for Mrs. de Navarro's benefit. It is to be the most wonderful of all amateur affairs given in New York in years.

The other set—the Midwinter crowd—are to have a play also, with Miss Pierson as the star. The Midwinters went into a Spring dance last Monday, with Isadore Duncan and Mrs. di Zerega as the premieres. And very pretty it was, with something of a sacred character, too, as De Lyon Nichols was there in a wonderful clerical evening suit and an enormous gold cross.

De Lyon Nichols wore an order also in silver on his brown velvet waistcoat. I think it must have been one conferred by Queen Lavinia Dempsey, as he is or was her spiritual adviser. Queen Lavinia Dempsey was not present at the Spring dance, but there were many other people who were. The cost was five dollars, with supper minus wine, and a very good show it was at the price.

The calendar for the week shows any number of marriages and a few charitable entertainments. Among the very large weddings will be those of Miss Julia Fay Bradley and the Rev. Herbert Shipman, Miss Duham and Charles Augustus Lummis, Miss Southwick and Lieutenant Phelps, Miss Mabel Van Rensselaer, the sister of Mr. Edmund T. Baylies, will be married the week following at Grace Church to the Rev. James Le Baron Johnson.

CHOLLY KNICKERBOCKER.

Philadelphia.

April 14.—Society is greatly interested in Quakerdom over a wedding which is to take place at the Church of the Good Shepherd on Wednesday next. The contracting parties are Miss Emily Adele Schlichter and Mr. James Lindley Gordon, Assistant District Attorney of New York. Mr. Gordon, who is thirty-three years of age, was formerly a Senator in Virginia. His father was George L. Gordon, who was killed in the civil war, and his grandfather, William F. Gordon, represented Virginia in Congress. The maid of honor will be Miss Blanche Barron, of New York, and the bridesmaids will be Miss M. Davis, of Riverton, N. J.; Miss Mary Latourette, of Oak Lane, Pa.; Miss Katherine E. Middendorf, of Baltimore, and Miss Della Hartman, of Lancaster, Pa. The ushers will be Mr. H. Snowden Marshall, Mr. Russell Lansdale, Mr. Thomas Coniston Kinney, Mr. Heath Lawton and Mr. Alexander C. Young, all of New York; Mr. Frederick Schroeder, of Philadelphia, and Mr. Edward Robertson, of Virginia.

The wedding of Miss Margery Lowery, daughter of Rev. Dr. Samuel J. Lowery, and Mr. Henry

London.

April 14.—With the reassembling of Parliament last Monday, the return of the Prince of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, and all the "smart set" who formed the inner circle of Anglo-American life at the Riviera, the season is taking on a gay aspect. Not that this week has there been any notable social function on which will only end with the close of July. The foreign element here, and, indeed, English society leaders have long questioned the custom of making the busiest society period extend throughout the hottest part of the year. That Parliament is always in session till the grouse shooting begins, and that the Court was at one time resident in London during the same period, partly accounts for the fact that most of the great social functions are concentrated in the months of June and July. It is a time of whirling gaiety and incessant work to fashionable people, many of whom rejoice when it is over. Among American women who are now in town are the young Duchess of Marlborough, Mrs. Ronalds, who has quite recovered from her recent influenza; Mrs. Mackay, Lady Essex, Mrs. J. Chamberlain, and Lady Francis Hope. The Duchess of Manchester remains in the south of France, with her daughter, Lady Alice Montague. Lady Arthur Butler has hardly been out of town except for a few days during the Easter recess. Lady Randolph Churchill passed the recess between Blenheim and London, greatly amused by the final arrangements for the appearance of the "Anglo-Saxon." Her sister, Mrs. Jack Leslie, and Mrs. Morton Frewen have just returned from Brighton. Lady Naylor-Leyland has been in attendance on her husband, whose attack of influenza was of unusual gravity.

Society talk is largely concerned with the preparations for the celebration of the Queen's birthday. Her eighteenth anniversary ought to be the occasion of both state and social ceremonial. Yet no programme has been arranged, nor even the date of public celebration fixed. The Queen herself would like the date to be May 24, the right day. The Government hesitates, as the 24th falls during the Whitman holidays, when Parliament has a short adjournment and society gets a few days' rest. Her Majesty is averse to any repetition or imitation of the Jubilee festivities. But the day will be a national holiday, with big doings in London.

The Duke and Duchess of York went to Dublin last Monday on what is regarded as a private visit to the Lord Lieutenant. There was, therefore, no official programme nor reception, and their sojourn in Ireland has been divested as far as possible of political significance. The house party who assembled to meet them was a big one, including the Duke of Abercorn (the Duchess had gone to Pau), Lord Londonderry and Lady Helen Stewart, Lord and Lady Warwick, Lord Shaftesbury, Lady Huntingdon, Lord Carrington and Lady Marjorie Carrington. On the 11th and 12th their Excellencies and their guests were present at Punchestown Races, and on Thursday, the 13th, there was a ball at the Royal Hospital, given by the commander of the forces and Lady Roberts in honor of the Duke and Duchess. On the two following days there was racing at Leopardstown, where the royal and viceregal party attended in state. On the 17th Lord and Lady Iveagh will have a big dinner party, after which Lady Cadogan is giving a brilliant ball in Dublin Castle. So that after all a larger number of guests will have the honor of meeting the royal visitors than could be entertained at Viceroy Lodge. After leaving Dublin the Duke of York will join Lord Warwick for a few days' fishing in the Blackwater. The Duke of York has taken to banjo playing, and during his stay in Dublin has amused the most intimate circle of his friends by singing some ditties of broad humor, accompanying himself on the banjo.

Lady Henry Somerset has let The Priory at Reigate to Captain and Mrs. Ronald Greville for the season. There exists already in Charing Cross Hospital an "American Victoria Jubilee Bed," contributed by American ladies. The Hospital Bazaar will provide another. Your cables have already alluded to the magnificent scale on which this charitable undertaking, at which American women will prominently figure, is being prepared.

Lady Randolph Churchill and Mrs. Ronalds are arranging a concert at which we may hope to hear the grand operatic stars of the coming season, and among them Mme. Melba, who has cabled to Mr. Ronalds from America saying that she will be delighted to sing. The great point about the commodities sold is that in each case they will come direct from the country they represent, and there will be, for example, no buying of Japanese curios at Birmingham or of American wares at a London house. Mrs. Bradley Martin brings her selection over with her, and the greatest care is taken in other cases to insure bona fide national products. Mrs. Arthur Paget, who superintends, has a vast work before her, and she has tackled it betimes and with method.

It has been chronicled that the Prince of Wales has surrendered his heart to golfing. The Duke of York, besides addicting himself to the banjo, has taken to hockey, and plays it well. Hockey has as its patron no less an exalted personage than Her Majesty herself. The Queen has watched many a private game at Windsor—games in which members of the royal family have themselves participated. Hockey is a great favorite with the Queen's daughters, daughters-in-law, granddaughters, and the ladies of the royal household generally, and many of them are more than a trifle skilled in the use of the stick. Mixed games are played sometimes when gentlemen-in-waiting, equerries and others participate, and such has been the devotion to the game that more than one member of the royal household has been seen limping for a day or two as the result of hard knocks on the shins and ankles. With royalty leading, it is quite possible for hockey to become a fashionable game, though, of course, on account of the number being required for a side, it cannot appeal to society life, golf, tennis and croquet. But with golf beginning to decline and croquet regarded as immoral as well as insane, there is a great deal to be said in favor of hockey.

The Society of American Women in London mean to show their good will toward the International Women's Congress by entertaining large numbers of the delegates at the Hotel Cecil. Lord Kilmarnock's play, "The Eight of Diamonds," which was recently acted at Nice for the benefit of a charity, is to be produced in London. Lord Kilmarnock, Lord Yarmouth, and the Duke of Manchester are all clever amateur actors, and more than once a rumor has got about that the Duke of Manchester will follow the example of Lord Roslyn and adopt the stage as a profession. The three actors may be induced to give a private performance for the benefit of a London charity.

Paris.

April 14.—Lady Waterloo, formerly Miss Hamilton, of California, is unquestionably in the smart set. She was the only American woman present the other day at a dinner given to the Prince of Wales. The Prince admires her accomplishments, and she is still young and good looking.

Count and Countess de Castellane (nee Anna Gould) have been billing and cooing very much for the public of late. This sudden reversion to the dove system, so obviously staged and unreal, is wholly intended for its effect upon the people at large. Recently the pair parted and played most ostentatiously and kitchenship upon the veranda of their new house in the Bois de Boulogne. They were the cynosure of all eyes. But none were deceived by the performance, and the lamb-fair little Count will have to try some other trick in the game of life. Later in the same day the Count and Countess went out to the races. But the petite Countess was far from being as resplendent as Liane de Pougy.

Since it became known that Paul Deschanel, President of the Chamber of Deputies, is about to marry a Miss Terry, the widow of Antonio Terry (nee Sybil Sanderson), has been much run after. American women who want to look askance at her now seek her society. Some people thought that Paul Deschanel's bride-elect was Sybil Sanderson's step-daughter. But that young lady is only sixteen, and is still at school.

The widow of the Marquis de Mores (nee Miss Hoffman, of New York), is taking up her social functions once more. In fact, it is current gossip that she is about to marry a young French Count, who is a member of the Jockey Club. Since the murder of her husband until quite recently her life has been very sombre.

Most of the fashionable American women now in Paris were present at the recent dance given by Mrs. Powers, of New York, in her hotel. Though a goodly number of the best known women of the colony still linger in the South, Paris can muster many beauties. Among the most enthusiastic dancers were Mrs. Harris-Phelps, Miss Adler, of New York, and Miss Gowdy, the daughter of the Consul-General.

William Sage, of Albany, N. Y., which was announced some weeks ago, will take place on the evening of May 20. Miss Lillian Wanamaker, daughter of Hon. John Wanamaker, will be maid of honor, and the bridesmaids will be the Misses Sage, of Albany; Miss Estheth Stoddard, of New Haven; Miss Priscilla Barnes and Miss Maude Donaldson, of New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Custis Harrison entertained Wu Ting Fang, the Chinese Minister, during his visit here this week. They attended the "Mask and Wig" performance on Friday night.

Miss Matthews, of New York, is being entertained by Miss I. Hollingsworth Andrews. Mrs. Samuel Bell and the Misses Bell, who have been spending the week with friends in New York, will return home this week and spend the Summer at Devon.

Mr. and Mrs. Persifer Frazer entertained Mrs. John King Van Rensselaer at dinner on Sunday evening. Covers were spread for about a dozen.

Mrs. James Crosby Brown, formerly of New York, gave a musicale on Thursday afternoon, which was largely attended.

Among the Philadelphians who ran over to New York to pay social visits during the week were Dr. and Mrs. Wharton Stalker, Mrs. Craig Lippincott, Mrs. Jay B. Lippincott, Mr. and Mrs. John Price Wetherill and Mrs. J. W. Dobson.